THE PAINESVILLE JOURNAL

JAMES E. CHAMBERS, Editor PUBLISH DEVERY SATURDAY AT PAINESVILLE, LAKE COUNTY,

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WTHE BAYS OF THY MOURNING

Oh! weep not for the joys that fade
Like evening lights away;
For hopes that, like the stars decayed,
Have left thy mortal day,
For clouds of sorrow will depart,
And though on earth the tear may start,
Yothlis rowaits the only heart
Amid the holy bowers of heaven! Oh! weep not for the friends that pass

Oh! weep not for the friends that pass
Into the lonesome grave,
As broczes sweep the withered grass,
Along the restless wave;
Por though thy pleasures may depart,
And lonely though on earth thou art,
Yet hiss awaits the holy heart
When friends rejoin in heaven. THE BUSTING SWORD

> THE RESERVE Just where we hung it on the wall,
> His sword may now be seen,
> Though time has bleached our locks sin
> And rust bedisumed its sleen, 10
> An eating sorrow since that day
> Has made our old hearts sore,
> And tears perhaps have helped to rust
> The sword our dead boy wore.

No braver hand than his e'er bore
In strife a soldier's sword,
Our country had no truer heart
Upon her alters poured;
And patricsic pride illumes our grief
For the child we so deplore,
And the glory of our lone old age
Is the gallant sword he were, Our old lives flounder in the stream
Of rapid social change,
And the nerveless heart is feeble now
To strive with customs strange,
Aft companion for the lives
That have out-lived their day,
Is that lone sword upon the wall,
Rusting itself away.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR

Thy neighbort. 'Tis the fainting poor Whose eye with want is dim, Whom hunger sends from door to door-Go thou, and succor him. Thy neighbor? Tis that weary man
Whose years are at their brim.
Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain;
Go thou, and comfort him.

Of every earthly gem, Widow and orphan, helpless left;— Go thou, and shelter them.

Less favored than thine own,
Remember 'tis thy neighbor warm,
Thy brother, or thy son. Perhaps thou can'st redeem
The breaking heart from misery—
to, share thy lot with him.

THE LAND WHICH NO MORTA

Though earth has many a beautiful spot, As a painter or poet might show. Tet more levely and beautiful, boly and bright To the hopes of the heart and the spirits gla There the crystaline stream bursting forth fro

Flows on, and forever will flow, to waves, as they roll, are with melody ripe,

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from the influence of a single mind alone. Now it swelled out into soft thunders that vibrated through the long passages up to the very roof of her vani-ted room, and deep into her beating heart passages up to the very roof of her vani-ted room, and deep into her beating heart— —then it died away to a whisper faint as the sigh of a child, only to rise again more glorious than before. And, over all, heard distinct as the lark in heaven at morning's dawn, there thrilled a voice of such unearthly sweetness that she could not believe it belonged to an inhabitant of this world.

Lilias had one of those sensitive, pas-

she could not believe it belonged to an inhabitant of this world.

Lilias had one of those sensitive, passionate souls, over whom music had an uncontrollable power, but as yet she had heard no other instrument than an antique harpsichord of her grandmother's and such singing as the village girls regaled her with when they stood in the difields. No wonder, then, that this wonderful strain had an effect upon her like that of enchantment. It seemed to take posession of her whole soul, and absorb every faculty. She became, as she listened, utterly unconscious of all things save that this entrancing melody drew her towards it with an irresitable attraction. The sound was so distinct, and yet clear, she could not tell if even it were within the house at all, but she did not ponder upon its position, or on the nature of it, only, like one who walks in sleep, she rose mechanically on her feet to go to it. If her mind, steeped in that marvellous melody, could reflect at all it was to conclude that she had fallen asleep and was dreaming, so that she of it was to conclude that she had fallen asleep and was dreaming, so that she had no thought but the longing not to awaken from a dream so beautiful. Slow-ly drawn by the sweet sounds, as by invisible chains, she moved towards the door and opened it. Then, sweeter, louder than before, floating into her very soul, cafee that angel voice, with the full swelling chants, that seemed, as it were, to clothe it, filling her with a sense of enjoyment so intense, that she would have felt constrained to follow it, even had she known it would lead her to some dangerous precipice, like the mar-

TO BE CONTINUED.

ome dangerous precipice, like the mar-erous voices of Germanie.

CELIE.

BY GEORGE SAND. THIRD PART-CONCLUDED.

THIRD PART—CONCLUDED.

fore the fireplace, where a wood-fire was burning, trying to smoke a cigar, and declared, in a tone of complete melancholy, that it did not seem good to him. He was still uneasy about his condition, which was the most satisfactory possible; and after having made me give him an account of the interview, he said:

"That's a hard pebble in our soup! But that man has a spider in his. He will never swallow it. He'll have to die or be taken to Charenton."

"Let us hope that he will surrender to so much patience and firmness."

"My dear fellow, you run aground. He has not intelligence enough for such a situation; and beside, if the head is sick the body is also. He has a fever, and I am going to send for a doctor. It won't do to let any mischance happen to him here; I see the thing clearly now.

"New here a wood-fire was burning, trying to smoke a cigar, and declared, in a tone of complete melancholy discovery in hum a tone of complete melancholy discovery in the twas mortally tired of incomplete melancholy discovery in the was still uneasy about his condition, which was the most satisfactory possible; and I confess that I was mortally tired of invited for the mass seemed to have forgotten everything to reassure this great child, who seemed to have forgotten everything to reassure this great child, who seemed to have forgotten everything that his tranduil reason irritated my suffering. When Celie rejoined us and offered me had a situation to the have a given be have a metancholy discovery in thus was mortally tired of invited of invited of invited for the mass seemed to him. He was still uneasy about his condition, which was the indicated my suffering. When Celie rejoined us and offered me had a stuation that of invited for the had is only of himself.

"No." she said, the must tell me nothing. Let me not think that I may have the pain of being taken in the toils do? I have given proofs of my courage, and like any other man, I can look death in the strength to strive against the twofold evil. Who

ward both of us the liveliest gratitude. Four days after his arrival at Yport, we found ourselves, one evening, alone together. Celie, who had cared for him with an indefaulgable zeal, had retired after dinner, in order, at last, to get an unbroken rest. Stephen, tired of being shut up, had gone out to breathe the sea air with Bellac. Montroger, seated before the fireplace, where a wood-fire was burning, trying to smoke a cigar, and passions which I reproached in others.

events of the evening before, and was unconscious of having been seriously indisposed. "Where the devil am I, then?" fixing his eyes, rounded with astonishment, on me.

"You are in my lodging, at Yport." "In your bed, perhaps?"

"It was the best I had to offer." "It was the bes "So you receive me in your room, you disturb yourself for me. It seems," he added, with a smile of bitterness, "that we are a pair of friends. Singular situation! very ridiculous for me, you must equilibrium, and that he has good physiadmit! But what does it mean? I do not feel very weak. Have I been in your der this system; and it is unnecessary to not feel very weak. Have I been in your bed long?"

He would not believe that he had been there since the evening before; and after having made some vain efforts to rise and dress, in spite of my remonstrance, he lay down in despair. He had a dreadtul fear of sickness and death. This puisillanimity reassured me for the rest, and I succeeded in calming him by assuring him that quiet alone would cure him. The fever returned, however, after some hours; but M. Bellac, whom Celie had sent for in all haste, and who was thoroughly acquainted with Mon-

"What right has this man to my devo

soon to reassure me entirely. His tears thought that she ought not to show herself to him, except in case her intervent for might be useful. At the present moment it might be dangerous. She went with Stephen and Celio to secure a lodging in a house near by, and I remained alone with the invalid.

He had a confused recollection of the evening before, and was unconscious of having been seriously indigened for the first possible of the evening before, and was unconscious of having been seriously indigened, on me.

Where the devil am I, then?" fixing his eyes, rounded with astonishment, on me.

When the latter in the evening before, and was unconscious of having been seriously indigened, on me.

When the latter in the evening before, and was unconscious of having been seriously indigened to the confidence which I have the sum of the evening before, and was unconscious of having been seriously indigened, on me.

When the latter in the extended is repulsive of a drunken man; and a serior to show here seemed and finding and the answered, offended and indignant. "I do not intend to marry yet, and I beg is that we confided and integrating on the same footing that they were before I had confided my project to you. I shall return to my own house this evening, and I shall receive no more special visits up to the time that I make known my resolution. Till then, and we walked down stairs, where, on the balcony overlooking the one your guard against betraying to afficiently my recoulers? Her face explained to the confidence which I have the sum of the explosion of a can of kerosene, on sunday. The President enjoyed the following the seriously industry the project of the confidence which I have the explosion of a can of kerosene, on Sunday.

She made no answer, and seemed not no washed down stairs, where, on the balcony overlooking the project of the project of the confidence which I have

use whise evening, and I shall receive to more special visits up to the time that of make known my resolution. Till then, and make the confidence which I have any of the confidence which I have any of the confidence which I have any of the confidence which I have the confidence which I have the confidence which I have the same report to the confidence which I have the confidence which I have

"Chance willed,' said I, "that we should all three escape the danger. As to the intentions of a drunken man, who

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MELANGE,

mince pies. Two prisoners dug out of a Wisconsing jail with a pine shingle. The Empress of Russia is gone to Kiewafter P's and quiet.

e put upon short political Commons. "His Imp. Highness" is a headline over some Alexis matter in a Chicago paper. H. T. Rumsey, a prominent citizen of Lacrosse, died at Chippewa Falls, Wis-consin, on Saturday, from an overdose of laudanum taken to produce sleep while suffering from a nervous affection. San Francisco to Maryland by express;

At Tullahoma, on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, on Friday, An-drew Martin, a quiet and respected citi-zen, was shot and killed by Mat Darwin, years. An Illinois charicari party actually ore down the house of a newly married

zen, was shot and killed by Mat Darwin, a notorious desperado, who escaped.

Michael Madigan, a prominent railroad contractor at Pittsburg, while going home intoxicated, fell from the steps leading to the Fort Wayne Railroad bridge, on Sunday, receiving injuries from which he died. His word. For railway-travelers—when the engineer whistles "down breakes" look out for break down.

John A. Hancock, aged fifty-five years, residing with his son in the town of Pelt, Wabash county, Minnesota, while his son and wife were absent, burned his house and barn and hanged himself in the woods, in a fit of insanity. Christmas you ever saw" was a Ken-tucky advertisement. Mr. B. W. Tomlinson, late assistant city editor of the New York World, shot Mr. Byas, a colored member of the State Legislature at Columbia, on account of

Legislature at Columbia, on account of Byas' trying to cowhide Tomlinson. The uffray took place at the Court-House. See it is a shot-gun. "The Dying Prince Hat" is among the At Belleville, Ontario, a fire occurred early on Monday morning in the Boys' Home building, which was totally destroyed, and one boy burned to death. The night was intensely cold, and the inmates barely escaped in their night clothes. Loss \$8,000.

liberally for a monument to Garabaldi but he wouldn't take the hint. Jenerson Cating has been convicted of the murder of James Townsend, at Chicago, and sentenced to impriso life. This is known as the "pi life. This is known as the "pigeon hole murder," Coating having deliberately shot Townsend while the two were engaged in playing "pigeon hole." On Wednesday evening a man named Newton went into a saloon at Ironton. A California ruffian is said to have "a Ohio, and asked for whisky. On being

about the collar button, glanced, and lodged in the collar bone, being a narrow J. H. Bowman, and two women calling hemselves L.G. Bowman and Belle Bow-nan, were held to bail in Louisville, on Friday, the latter in \$1,000, and the two former in \$2,000 each, on the charge of arson, in setting fire to a millinery store

on Preston street, kept by the women and insured in Cincinnati. Dan Shumway, a notorious rough, shot and fatally wounded Daniel Campbell at the Union Pacific Junction, Minnesota, on Tuesday. An old quarrel was the

refused by Louis Fisher, he drew a re-

Holland has just commenced to eat

Yorkville tried the panel game with its first colored juror last week. The Lords are afraid that they are to

A young lady has been forwarded from A Chicagoan, horrible to relate, has had the small-pox twice within eight

What should a man always keep, es-pecially after he has given it to another!

Two Connecticut girls annointed their chapped lips with croton oil by mistake for glycerine oil. "A lot of the prettiest little coffins for

Two large spots can now be seen on the face of the sun. Admittance free to those having smoked glass.

latest and funniest conceits of the Cin-cinnati hat manufacturers. Since "Boss" Tweed's real character has been discovered, is it more appropri-ate to call him Bosh Tweed? The Romen women are subscribin

A large roll of unpaid bills in his breast pocket saved the life of a Floridian from the knife of an assassin. A Providence virago, having taken a glass more than she needed, threw the spare tumbler at her husband.

wonderful talent for bereaving any fam-ily he does not happen to like." Mrs. Annie Buckley, a Cairo woman, has achieved an infant which starts with twenty-one pounds of substance A Connecticut woman's grief for her husband's death, was increased by the thought that the parlor curtains were in wash.

Congress still seems inclined to regard the income tax as a regular due, and the tax-payers generally think it a "regular